

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXI. No. 2228

and **BYSTANDER**

London
March 8, 1944



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AGENTS IN
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THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON

MARCH 8, 1944

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Lady Tedder: Organizer of the R.A.F. Malcolm Clubs

Lady Tedder, wife of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander-in-Chief, was instrumental in the setting up of the Malcolm Clubs for the supply of good food and recreation in a non-Service atmosphere in the battle areas of North Africa and Italy, and when the next assault is launched, she will be as close behind the advancing troops as possible, seeking new homes for her clubs. The Malcolm Clubs perpetuate the name of Wing Commander H. G. Malcolm, V.C., who took his R.A.F. formation to certain death in the desert in an action in support of the First Army. They are for the non-commissioned aircrew and ground personnel of the R.A.F. "without whose work and endurance," says Lady Tedder, "feats like those of Wing Commander Malcolm would not be possible." The first step towards the extension of the existing chain of clubs—at Algiers, Tunis, Bari, Naples, San Severo, Rabat—will be on March 10 when Gordon Harker and the *Acacia Avenue* company give the proceeds of the evening performance to the Clubs fund



Air Marshal Sir Harold Whittingham is seen here with the host, M. Pierlot, Belgian Prime Minister, at the party held at the Belgian Institute in London



Air Marshal Sir Philip Babington, A.O.C.-in-C. Flying Training Command, was a guest. With him above is F/Lt. Adam, of the Belgian Air Force



Sir Lancelot Oliphant was in conversation with General Ganshof of the Belgian Army. Sir Lancelot is Ambassador to the Belgian Government in London

The Belgian Air Force Celebrates its 100th Victory by Entertaining the R.A.F.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Battle

THERE is every indication that the battle of the Anzio bridgehead is developing into a major affair which may have considerable influence on the course of events in Europe. The Germans are sending reinforcements into Italy all the time. They are determined to make every effort to drive the Allied armies into the sea. Failing that they intend to hold them up as long as possible. Their chances of achieving either of these objects are not rated high by those who know all the facts. Both sides seem to have made initial mistakes. The Germans were slow to make full use of their early advantages. Similarly, if the Allies had made the most of the element of surprise which belonged to them, their progress could have been quicker.

In the circumstances, however, it is doubtful if they could have avoided a fierce encounter with the Germans. Sooner or later it had to come. The Germans cannot afford a reverse on the Continent of Europe. It is too near home. So the Allies will have to fight hard all the way knowing that Rome is not the prize, but that the repercussions in Berlin will be their real reward.

Blows

IT seems fairly certain that the Germans are hanging on in the belief that their army is invincible. If this should suffer a series of severe blows—something more than the more or less orderly retreat from their former Russian conquests—the people of Germany will reconsider their position. Bombing has had a serious effect on civilian morale, but the courage and temper of the army are yet unaffected. Bad news from any part of Europe, particularly at the hands of the British, Americans or French, would be a deadly blow to the German High Command. As Mr. Churchill has pointed out, the German General Staff have decided to make Italy a secondary front. It may become what is wrongly called the Second Front, in which case Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, the Supreme

Commander of the Allied Forces in the Mediterranean, assisted by General Sir Harold Alexander, will be the key men of the future.

Tricks

INDICATIVE of the German anxiety is the fact that they have erected before the Anzio bridgehead a series of loudspeakers. From these there is poured out all day long endless propaganda appeals to the Allied troops. Needless to say, the German tricks have had no effect, but the authorities decided that the propaganda line should not go unanswered.



The "Big Three" Watch Invasion Manœuvres in Britain

Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander, pointed out something of interest while watching invasion manœuvres by a U.S. armoured unit. Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander, and Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery, C.-in-C. the British Group of Armies, were also interested spectators of the performance by the American troops

So the Allies have now got loudspeakers working which are telling the German soldiers how wrong has been their Fuehrer's intuition.

Terms

FINLAND may want peace very badly, but her position is not as easy as it seems. She has seven German divisions in her territory—more than 100,000 soldiers—and these are no small stumbling-block. She cannot drive them out unaided, nor can she allow them suddenly to disappear overnight, as it were. It might not be as simple a task as it looks for the Russians to enter Finland and rout the Germans. But until the problem of the seven German divisions is solved Finland cannot have peace.

Generous

PUBLICATION of the terms that Russia is ready to accord Finland was of more than passing interest. Soviet Russia appeared in the role of a generous enemy. The terms showed no signs of vindictiveness. The fact that they were published before official negotiations were started probably showed that Soviet Russia realized there was not any immediate chance of Finland being free to accept. But here was a chance not to be missed. Terms of

but this does not mean that she wants to be anything more than neutral.

Portent

IN the light of possible events in the Balkans it can be seen how great is the importance of the battle of the Anzio bridgehead. A success here for Allied arms will re-echo right round Europe and may prove a mortal blow to Hitler and the German General Staff.

Attainment

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR has promised the attainment of air supremacy over Europe. Once this is reached there can be no hope for Germany. The American daylight raiders are playing havoc with the German defence system, particularly her fighter strength. German production is being heavily hit, more and more will her transport system be damaged by the Allied bombers. In the words of Sir Archibald, this is the way that air power will clear the road for the progress of the Allied forces to Berlin.

Example

MORE than any other minister, Sir Archibald Sinclair models his style of addressing the House of Commons on Churchillian lines. He has a sonorous voice, and always searches for the vivid phrase. This may be due to his early training, for he was once Mr. Churchill's private secretary. Sir Archibald is leader of the



Dennis Moss

The Director of the W.A.A.F. Visits a Group H.Q.

In this picture, taken during the visit of Air Commandant Lady Welsh, Director of the W.A.A.F., to a group headquarters, are: S/O. M. J. Llewellyn, W/O. E. C. Bather, Air Commandant Lady Welsh, Air Vice-Marshal J. R. Cassidy, C.B.E., G/O. E. R. Macleod and S/Ldr. J. R. Butler. To enable Lady Welsh to make frequent visits to W.A.A.F. units a second Deputy Director was recently appointed

such magnanimity might be useful propaganda in other countries where the desire to throw off Hitler's yoke needs but little encouragement.

Moves

BULGARIA is a case in point. She is tired of German dominance, and has never wanted to fight the Russians. The Germans have failed to compel the Bulgars to declare war on Russia. With the advance of the Russian armies nearer to the Balkans the Bulgarian people are more than ever anxious to be free of Hitler. Another factor which has had something to do with this desire is undoubtedly the attacks on Sofia by Allied bombers. So far, however, according to neutral reports, the Bulgarian Government have done little more than initiate the preliminary soundings for peace. Much may happen before they actually receive and accept the Allied terms.

Consequences

IF Bulgaria should come to terms with the Allies, the whole situation in the Balkans will undergo a drastic change. Already Hitler's power in that part of the world is seriously threatened by the advance of the Russians

towards Rumania. Once they reach Rumania anything might happen. Hitler might be faced with a revolt of his satellites which would leave him no alternative but to forsake the Balkans altogether. There are some expert observers who believe this is perfectly possible in a short period of time.

Waiting

TURKEY would immediately react to any change in Bulgarian policy. Since the war started she has watched Bulgaria most carefully, and has used her as an excuse for refusing to become an active participant on the side of the Allies. It might be a good tonic for Anglo-Turkish relations, which seem to have got somewhat strained in recent weeks. It is rumoured that the suspension of military discussions following the withdrawal of the British Mission from Ankara has led to the stoppage of war supplies to Turkey from Britain and the United States. This can be a serious blow to Turkey, for at this stage of the war she cannot expect any help from Germany. Nor is she likely to accept such help were it offered. Turkey may not see eye to eye with the Allies' demands that she should come into the war,



U.S. Army Air Force Exhibition

The exhibition of documentary paintings by the U.S. Army 9th Air Force was opened at Simpson's, Piccadilly, by Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard (centre). With him are Capt. Milton Marx, the artist, and Lt.-Col. Jack Harding



The G.O.C. Southern Command and His A.D.C.

Lt.-Gen. W. D. Morgan, seen here with his A.D.C., Major B. N. Gibbs, Welsh Guards, was recently appointed G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command, in succession to Gen. Sir Henry Loyd. Commissioned in the Royal Artillery in 1912, he took command of a division in 1941, since when he has held important staff appointments

Liberal Party but he appears publicly less in that light than other party leaders. He devotes all his time to his work at the Air Ministry and is at his desk early and late. He has a flat in the building, which means that he is always available for consultation at any hour.

Truce

THE National Executive of the Labour Party have reviewed the present political situation, the place of Labour in the National Government and the working of the electoral truce. They have decided that in spite of agitation among the rank and file there can be no modification of the truce, and that the Labour Party must remain in the National Government as long as the war lasts. Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, is as much responsible for this wise decision as is Mr. Clement Attlee, the leader of the Labour Party. Mr. Morrison's influence is increasing in all sections of the party. One day he seems destined to be the Labour leader. There is certainly nobody in the Labour Party today who could challenge him for that post were it vacant.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Letter from Mr. Goldwyn

By James Agate

I HAVE great pleasure in reproducing part of a letter from Mr. Samuel Goldwyn:—

My dear Mr. Agate,

Your review of *The North Star*, published on December 15, has just been called to my attention; and while I feel that you are fully entitled to your opinions, it appears to me that you missed my intent and purpose in making this picture.

I should like to say at the outset that it was my intention in producing *The North Star*, and also the intention of Lillian Hellman, to try to interpret to English-speaking peoples the nature and spirit of our Russian ally, without in any way advancing the Russian ideology. The picture was not made hastily or haphazardly, having been written and produced, as I'm sure you know, with the utmost thought and care.

With regard to your comment that Russian actors should have been used in it, you can have no conception of the difficulty of assembling in Hollywood a group of authentic Russian actors for such a film without achieving results which might be considered grotesque. So I cast the

been made in Great Britain, the producer making it would undoubtedly have cast British actors. That is the traditional and usually the necessary procedure. I have not heard, incidentally, of Russia importing American actors to portray Americans in their films, nor does it seem particularly imperative that they do so.

It was my conviction that if I could show Americans that Russian peasants living on the land were basically much the same in their emotions, courage, and neighbourliness as the Americans of any farm community, we would become a stauncher ally of the Russians by means of the very understanding generated. That the picture succeeds in doing this was considered one of its virtues in this country. . . .

THE rest of the letter, for which I regret I have no space, contains an appreciation of Miss Hellman and some charming compliments to the *Tatler* and *Bystander* which the Editor desires me to reciprocate. Mr. Goldwyn raises an interesting point, and I would ask him to consider the following facts. That when we in this country want to see the plays of

very hard to convey the impression that they are Russians.

I think that possibly the difference between the English and American accents may be an important factor. When in Turgenev's *A Month in the Country* the parts of the *châtelaine* and her little ward were played by two English actresses, one had no difficulty in accepting their pretence that they were Russians. On the other hand, I doubt whether we should so easily have accepted two American actresses playing with a strong American accent. I think we should have said to ourselves: "No, my pretty dears, you are not Russian, you are Americans." I hasten to add that an American audience might equally well have said to Valerie Taylor and Isolda Denham: "No, pets, you are not Russians, you are English." But whatever the reason, the fact remains that I did not for a moment believe that my old screen friends Anne Baxter, Ann Harding, Walter Huston and Walter Brennan were Russians. They carried no conviction; at least, not to me. I thought they were playing at Russians, and doing it very nicely. Whereas Erich von Stroheim carried conviction. *Because he is a German.*

SIMILARLY with the new *Madame Curie* film. I don't for one moment believe that Greer Garson is Polish or Walter Pidgeon French. And to do them justice or injustice, they never for one moment pretend to be. The ideal solution would have been to cast some Polish actress and French actor; or if none were available, then some *unknown* American actor or actress. To which Mr. Goldwyn would undoubtedly reply: "And what about my box office?"

THIS gives me the chance to make the point I omitted to make last week, when I called the *Curie* picture a perfect film. What I meant, of course, is that this is a perfect *popular* film. Had this picture been handled by French actors in this flagrantly sentimental way, and had it been shown at Studio One, I should have dismissed it as romantic twaddle. But I stick to my point that as yet another love-story with the discovery of radium for a background it does very well. Frankly, I don't see Empire patrons rushing to see a picture about radium with a love-story for a background.

BUT to return to *The North Star*. Perhaps I ought to have regarded this as a good *popular* film. The trouble was that I could not help comparing it with some of the genuine Russian films which have been exhibited over here. I am glad to hear from Mr. Goldwyn that this picture has received great praise from the American critics and enthusiastic reception from the American public, and it is, of course, extremely gratifying to know that Russian peasants are basically the same as the Americans of any farming community.

NOW let me tell Mr. Goldwyn a little story. I lived for twenty years on a Derbyshire farm whose occupants and their attendant labourers bore no sort of resemblance to Synge's Irish farmers or the good-natured cretins now on view at the St. Martin's Theatre. The inhabitants of my little farmstead were, almost without exception, grasping, sordid, avaricious and mean. I remember that when the 1914 war broke out they and the other villagers came to the conclusion that participation in it would harm their precious milk trade. They convened a meeting which was held in a farm kitchen, and passed a unanimous resolution that the village of — was neutral. I can assure Mr. Goldwyn that if ever I make a film about Derbyshire farmers I shall not attempt to show them basically the same as the heroic peasants of Kiev, or the amiable tillers of America's soil.



"Standing Room Only"

Paulette Goddard and her boss Fred MacMurray, after a night out in overcrowded Washington, sign on as cook and butler to Roland Young. Sequel—business cross-purposes and marital complications ad lib. (Plaza, March 10)

finest and most suitable American actors to be found, without regard for the commercial aspect of their box office standing. I could have shown greater stars who were available for many of the roles, but instead chose the people I believed would give the most accurate interpretations. And I deliberately eliminated all foreign accents from the film, with the exception of the suggestion of an accent which you hear from the invaders, and which I considered in accord with the dramatic integrity of the picture, since in all respects they were a foreign element on Russian soil.

And what is wrong with casting American actors in a story of Russia? If the picture had

Sean O'Casey we invite an Irish company from Dublin. That at the St. Martin's Theatre in London there is running at this actual moment a Welsh comedy in which all the actors except two who play English parts are Welsh. And that when an American comedy is staged over here we do our best to secure American actors or English actors who have spent a lot of time in America, knowing that if we do not, the most we can hope for is a moderate success. It is true that when we fly at the plays of Tchekov we use English actors. But this is because we must and, anyhow, they are actors who try



Hint for Young Sleuths: If you can't Trust Them—Make Love to Them

John Garfield makes love to Patricia Morison because her set contains a suspicious collection of foreign refugees

He makes love to Maureen O'Hara (rather more ardently) because she's very thick with the refugees too

Martha O'Driscoll is number three. She's a torch-singer in a night club and also mixed up with the suspects

Tough Guy, Girl Spy

John Garfield and Maureen O'Hara in "The Fallen Sparrow"



Stern Garfield methods with a suspect. Anton (John Banner) plays the piano at the night club, but that's just the sort of thing an enemy agent would do



The "Refugees." Prince Francois de Namur (Sam Goldenberg), the doubtful Toni (Maureen O'Hara), the sinister Dr. Skaas (Walter Slezak) and Anton (John Banner)



Murder! The torch-singer (Martha O'Driscoll) kneels beside the bumped-off body of her cousin (Russell Wade). Who did it?



Drugged by the "truth serum," Garfield faces arch-enemy Dr. Skaas. The doctor has a gun too. Who fires the fatal shot?

● **The Fallen Sparrow** (London Pavilion, March 10) has all the ingredients of a spy thriller. The hero (John Garfield) not only grapples with a dangerous gang of Nazi agents in pre-war New York, but makes hard-boiled love to no fewer than three lovelies in order to track them down. To make things more difficult he hears footsteps—dot and carry-one—the aftermath of two years of Nazi torture. Are they a delusion or the stump and drag of his torturer, a man with a maimed leg—Dr. Skaas, Norwegian scientist? The trouble starts because Garfield knows where the battle flag of the Spanish International Brigade is hidden and Hitler wants it. That's why the Nazis let him escape and if they'd drugged him with the "truth serum" then and there instead of letting him get busy in New York, there wouldn't have been a film at all!

The Theatre

Sweeter and Lower (Ambassadors)

By Horace Horsnell

IF you saw and enjoyed *Sweet and Low*, you will know what to expect, and should not be disappointed with this new edition of that downright revue, which follows in the footsteps of the old. It has the courage of its impudent convictions and the wit to express them. Its authors and artists assume the privilege of the social lampoonist to quiz current events and professional persons, and spare neither friend nor foe. It would be a poor compliment to suggest that they are never malicious, or that when they scratch they never draw blood. One may be pretty sure, however, that their prime intent is to kill by ridicule rather than kindness, and in this they succeed.

The quick amusing programme has only a sprinkling of sentiment. Tarragon and cayenne (not sugar and cream) are the principal condiments. And while, like wartime menus, the basic material is limited in variety by a liberal censor, the most is made of what is available. This is as it should be, for this type of intimate revue holds up to life no flattering mirror, but a magnifying glass that shows its more vulnerable subjects "where they get off."

Miss Hermione Gingold, the leader of the company, is the sharpest satirist, and performs this salutary office with an almost clinical gusto. Her methods include both precept and practice, and demonstration by awful examples. She, at least, is no less delightfully, if dispassionately, malicious than ever.

Her single-handed burlesques are thorough. One of the most absurd is an awful example of what immoderate devotion to the 'cello can

do to the knees. Her "Advice to the Players," with its neighbourly peeps round the corner into St. Martin's Lane, is perhaps her sharpest comment on local affairs. Some of her professional victims must heave sighs of relief

"Hamlet" with a touch of "Les Sylphides." Hermione Gingold in an apt burlesque of ballet-dancer Helpmann's Hamlet. The drum in the Old Vic production belongs to the Players and on it Helpmann taps out a dramatic tattoo



T.M.T.T.

when, having achieved apotheosis in her shooting gallery, they know the worst, and are free to laugh off their wounds or dress them with publicity's salve.

In Mr. Henry Kendall she has a game confederate to abet her in new duets and

satirical duologues. He also shoots some shrewd shafts of his own. Their targets include folly as it flies and some palpable sitters. They have a fresh infusion of that "Poison Ivy," which is a modern equivalent of any vintage on the wine list of their "Borgia Orgy," and calculated to give lunching or dining in public a deadly, sotto voce garnish.

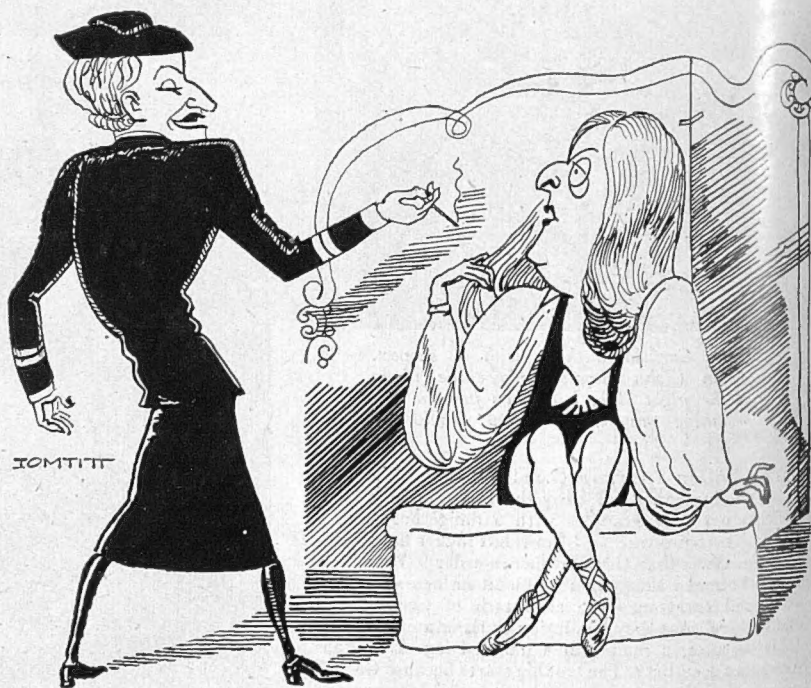
Mr. Kendall's castigatory numbers have both exotic and homely subjects, and two of them could hardly present a deeper contrast in pitch and character. The first is a dumb but amorous Guardsman in greatcoat and bearskin who invades the dressing-room of an Edwardian (not to say passé) musical-comedy siren, and takes her by storm as though she were a Sevastopol redoubt. The other is (how shall I put it?) a florid Anglo-Russian Ganyemed of classical ballet, who is inadvertently tracked to his back-stage boudoir and all but ravished there by a dauntless deep-sea Wren.

This uncompromising leap-year cameo, relished by the rising generation, would have made our forefathers stare and our less humorous aunts leave the theatre confounded. As a bland, full-bodied duchess, too, giving a bewildered doughboy the low-down on the inconsequences of English pantomime at a performance of *Dick Whittington*, Mr. Kendall commands his lorgnette, august regalia and comic material with skill, character, and aplomb. He is a new and strong reinforcement to this clever team.

These are the stars of a show that does not lack shimmering satellites. Miss Gretchen Franklin, Miss Edna Wood, and the comely young ladies who vindicate the versatility of "pin-up girls," brighten their subsidiary orbits in the lyrics of such spry modern masters as Nicholas Phipps and Alan Melville. Their frocks and frills are snappy or smart according to the eye (and the sex) of the beholder.

The sentimental garnish of the show, though not lavish, is up to date, and makes no attempt to cheat thee of a sigh or charm thee to a tear. When this comparative edition has run its popular course, there will doubtless be the superlative *Sweetest and Lowest* edition to look forward to; and both sides of the footlights (including our happily enlightened censor) may have to go into training for that.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



"Services Rendered": Yesterday and Today

In the last war officers visited musical comedy stars in their dressing-rooms. In this war, it seems, the tables are twisted. The pursuer in uniform is a she, the victim—an exquisite young gentleman of the ballet. Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall in one of the best sketches of the show

Cloistered Calm

"The Cradle Song," a Gentle Play of Convent Life, Offers Escape from the Hurly-Burly of a World at War

The Cradle Song is a Spanish classic by Gregorio and Maria Martinez, translated by John Garrett Underhill, produced by John Gielgud and presented by the Tennent management at the Apollo. It tells a simple, placid story of a foundling baby girl left in a covered basket on the doorstep of a Dominican convent. Eighteen years pass and the child leaves the convent to be married; the strict, devotional peace is stirred by an undercurrent of frustration and regret. Sincere and unforced acting is needed to create the atmosphere of cloistered calm and here the principals excel—Wendy Hiller as the foundling's foster-mother, Lilly Kann as the gentle Mother Prioress, Muriel Ake as the sharp-tongued Mother Vicar, Frederick Leister as the wise and humorous doctor



"What is it that children see when asleep?" Four of the Sisters (Yvonne Rorie, Helen Burns, Ann Heffernan, Wendy Hiller), the Mother Vicar (Muriel Ake), the Prioress (Lilly Kann) and Mistress of the Novices (Ann Wilton) admire the new arrival



"It is easy enough to go scattering children about the world if all you have to do is to leave them to be picked up afterwards by the first person who comes along." The Mother Vicar (Muriel Ake) to the Doctor (Frederick Leister)



"My daughter, will you be happy with him?"

The foundling, Teresa (Yvonne Mitchell) is grown up and is betrothed to Don Antonio. Sister Juana (Wendy Hiller) has mothered her



"Little one! Little one! Whom do you love?"

Wendy Hiller (in Act I.) as Sister Juana of the Cross, a simple, peasant type, with the foundling baby girl that has been left on the doorstep of the convent

Photographs by John Vickers



"And may you make her happy"

The time has come for Teresa to leave the convent. Antonio (Julian Dallas), her future husband, waits behind the grille. The Prioress (Lilly Kann) gives him Teresa's hand

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Bombs and After

LT.-COL. THE HON. SIR PIERS LEGH had many congratulations on his recent lucky escape, when he received cuts about the head, but no really serious injuries, in a bomb "incident" in a recent raid.

Lady Legh and their daughter, who were in the same room as Sir Piers when the bomb fell, had even more fortunate escapes. Neither was touched or received so much as a scratch.

News of Sir Piers' adventure was conveyed to the King while His Majesty was in the country, and the King at once sent a personal message to his Master of the Household wishing him a rapid recovery.

Mrs. Murray, recently married daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Hardinge, was another friend of the Royal Family who had the unpleasant experience of being within blast-range of the same bomb. She, too, escaped without injury.

Ascot, Present and Future

It is good news for racing folk that His Majesty has again this year lent his racecourse at Ascot to the Jockey Club, whose Stewards hope, unless military exigencies forbid, to run a similar series of meetings to those successful days last season when, for the first time, the Royal Enclosure was thrown open to the ordinary racegoer.

Even more interesting is the post-war plan for racing on the Royal course which is at present under consideration by His Majesty. The experiment of popular meetings on what is definitely one of the finest courses in the country has proved so successful that the King, with the support of the Jockey Club, is anxious to continue on similar lines after the war.

But this will not mean the total abolition of the Royal Enclosure if present proposals are adopted. Instead, I believe, there will be a special summer meeting at Ascot, on exactly the lines of the old Royal meetings, with club tents, the Enclosure, grey toppers and morning-coats (if any are left after the war), and so on. There will also be a number of days' racing on more ordinary lines, spaced out, probably, over a number of weeks.

Lady Tedder and the Malcolm Clubs

LADY TEDDER, wife of Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, is busy planning to open yet another Malcolm Club for men in the Royal and Dominions Air Forces directly the next front starts. Mr. Gordon Harker and his entire company are helping to raise funds with a performance of *Acacia Avenue* at the Vaudeville Theatre on March 10. The entire proceeds of this performance are to be given towards starting the next Malcolm Club. The seats are not expensive, the top price being one guinea.

The Malcolm Clubs, which are for other ranks of the R.A.F. and Dominions Air Forces while on active service, were started in North Africa under the presidency of the Air Commander-in-Chief and the executive control of Lady Tedder. She got the first club running in Algiers last summer, and now there are Malcolm Clubs in Tunis, Bari, San Severo, Naples and Rabat. They were named after the late W/Cdr. H. G. Malcolm, V.C., one of the most gallant heroes of the war, who gave his life in support of the First Army in North Africa. They provide wonderful facilities for the men in the forward fighting areas.

Lady Tedder, although she is so interested in everything to do with the R.A.F., has never



Lenore

The Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton

The youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, of Hagley Hall, Worcestershire, is to marry Capt. C. F. B. Rolt, 23rd Hussars, son of the late Very Rev. C. H. Rolt, Dean of Cape Town, and Mrs. Rolt

been in the W.A.A.F., as has frequently been reported. At the beginning of the war she drove an ambulance in London, and later worked at the American Headquarters in London and went with them to North Africa.

Midday

LUNCH-TIME seems even more popular for meeting one's friends. Perhaps the return of air raids at night has something to do with this. At the Ritz I found Lady Rose Fitzroy, wearing scarlet, in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who live at Newmarket, and are keen

(Continued on page 298)



The Marquess of Douro Marries in Jerusalem

Capt. the Marquess of Douro, M.C., Royal Horse Guards, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, and Miss Diana McConnel, only daughter of Major-Gen. D. F. McConnel, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C., Palestine and Transjordan, and Mrs. McConnel, were married in St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem



London Wedding

Lt. C. J. R. Tufnell, Scots Guards, son of Lt.-Cdr. Richard Tufnell, R.N., M.P., and Mrs. Tufnell, married Miss Diana James, daughter of the late Mr. Frank James, and Mrs. James, of Flexford House, Wanborough, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Country Snapshots

Right: Lady Apsley and her sons, the Earl of Bathurst and the Hon. George Bathurst, were photographed at her home, Petty France, Badminton. Lord Bathurst succeeded to the earldom on the death of his grandfather last September, his father, Lt.-Col. Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.P., having been killed in an aeroplane accident in the Middle East in 1942. A year ago Lady Apsley succeeded her husband as Conservative M.P. for Bristol Central, which constituency the late Lord Apsley had represented since 1931. In spite of being confined to an invalid chair—due to a hunting accident some years ago—Lady Apsley manages to take a leading and very active part in politics, in which she has long been interested



Lady Apsley, M.P., and Her Sons in Gloucestershire

Dennis Moss



Commanding a Division in Burma

Major-Gen. F. W. Messervy, now commanding the Seventh Indian Division in Arakan, is famous for his exploits in beating off a Japanese counter-attack early in February, and organising the defence of his H.Q. while dressed only in pyjamas. He was previously captured by the Germans while commanding the Seventh Armoured Division against Rommel in North Africa. He later escaped from captivity, and this picture shows him at home in Surrey

Right: Mrs. Messervy is the wife of Major-Gen. Frank Walter Messervy, whose picture appears on this page, and she is seen here with her six-year-old son, Nigel, youngest of her three children



In the Sunshine with the Dogs

Dennis Moss



The General's Wife and Youngest Son

Major Peter Herbert and his wife were walking their large family of dogs when the photographer caught them. He is in the Life Guards, and has been serving in the Middle East. He will be remembered as a crack amateur rider in pre-war days. Mrs. Herbert is the only daughter of the late General Sir Edward Bulfin, and Lady Bulfin



At Two Film Performances and a Tea-Party at the Admiralty

The Duchess of Gloucester, seen here with Lady Waddilove, was present at the first performance in London of the film "Madame Curie," at the Empire Theatre

The Duchess of Kent went to a tea-party in connection with the Flag Day for Sailors, held at Admiralty House by Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord

Mrs. Philip Henderson congratulated Miss Rosie Newman on her film, "The France I Knew," after the second showing. The film raised £500 for French airmen and their families

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

racing enthusiasts like Lady Rose; also in this party were the newly-wed Major and Mrs. "Bill" Wainman. There are many stories of "Bill" Wainman's bravery in action in Libya, where he won the M.C. with the 11th Hussars. Mrs. Wainman's first husband, Lt.-Col. Frank Arkwright, M.C., D.S.O., was killed in action in Libya; she is the only daughter of Col. and Mrs. Walter Pepys, and comes from Warwickshire. Mrs. Kellet, the widow of Col. "Flash" Kellet, M.P., was with friends. Cdr. and Mrs. Scott Miller were lunching together; they have taken a flat in London, as Cdr. Scott Miller is now working at the Admiralty.

Lady Doverdale was greeting friends; so were Lord Delamere and the Hon. Mrs. Gardner. Over the road at the Berkeley, Capt. and Mrs. Brian Rootes were lunching; they were married recently at Windsor, both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose attending the wedding. Another bride was Mrs. Peter Barrow, very pretty in black, who was married in January; she is the only

daughter of the Countess of Drogheda, and her only brother, Mickie, is serving with the Welsh Guards. Mrs. Luke Lillingston was another looking nice in black; she was lunching with Mr. Leo Partridge, whose shop has suffered from bomb damage. Mrs. Lillingston has just come back from her home in Ireland, which she bought a few years ago from Lord Daresbury. Her elder son, the Earl of Harrington, is now serving with the 15/19th Hussars. Mrs. Dorrien Smith was down on a brief visit from Yorkshire, and lunching à deux; she is the widow of Capt. Robert Dorrien Smith, who was killed in action in France in 1940.

At another restaurant I saw S/Ldr. Learoyd, V.C., in mufti. Mrs. Fiske and Lady Orr Lewis were together, both very smart in their U.S. Red Cross uniforms. Lady Sykes was lunching with Mrs. Jack Paul. Mrs. Hesketh Hughes, in a tailored red frock, had Lady Phyllis Allen with her. Mrs. Hughes's husband, the famous international polo player, was killed in action with the Welsh Guards at Calais in 1940. Lady Sarah Russell came in to lunch at the Petit Cordon Bleu, with her sister, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, who was wearing her Red Cross uniform. They are the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. The Marchioness of Crewe was another lunching here.

After Dark

LADY BROWNLOW and Lady Ursula Marreco, the Duke of Rutland's elder sister, were dining quietly at the Savoy. Mrs. Bowes Daly, the Duchess of Buccleuch's sister, came on for a late meal here after the theatre with Mrs. Peter Herbert; both their husbands are in the Life Guards.

Mrs. Ian Murray was another dining there that night. At the Berkeley, Lady Veronica Maddick was looking very slim and soignée in a short black frock; she was dancing with Mr. John Musker. Mr. "Khaki" Roberts, the well-known barrister, had a small party, which included his wife and very pretty daughter, who is now working for the Y.M.C.A. in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Claridge had a four-some. Mr. Maurice Allom, the famous Surrey cricketer, now serving with the R.A.F., was dancing with his pretty, fair-haired wife, who, like many young marrieds, is looking after her young family herself in the country.

Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt had Major and Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch dining with them. Sir Nigel had just finished his course at the Staff College, and has now returned to his military duties in Italy.

(Concluded on page 312)



Coursing Classic: Mrs. J. A. Dewar's Dutton Swordfish Wins the Waterloo Cup

Mr. E. A. Snow and Viscountess Selby, watched the exciting race for the Waterloo Cup, in which the winner started at 100 to 1

Sitting on Mr. J. V. Rank's stage-coach were Mr. Noel Hardy, Miss Hardy, Mrs. Osborne, Mr. Rank and Mrs. Noel Hardy, and standing, Mr. J. A. Dewar and Mr. G. Osborne

Lord and Lady Sefton were two who saw Dutton Swordfish win at Lydiat. The dog lost part of his tail in an accident shortly before the race

Restaurant Roundabout

Snapshots at Some Popular
London Rendezvous



The Duke of Marlborough, dining at Ciro's with Mrs. Leila Crawford, seemed hungrier than his companion

An Anglo-American foursome at Ciro's were Col. W. Giblin, U.S. Army, Lady Orr-Lewis, Col. R. Fogan, U.S. Army, and Mrs. W. Fiske

Photographs by
Swaebe

(Right) The Countess of Cottenham, Mr. John Sheffield and the Countess of Lewes were members of a party at Ciro's



Mr. D'Orsay Fisher, the U.S. Press Attaché in London, was entertaining Lady Lovat at Ciro's one night



S/Ldr. Lord George Wellesley, M.C., brother of the Duke of Wellington, was at Ciro's with his niece, Mrs. Robin Grant



Two more at Ciro's were Lady Bridget Elliot, whose engagement was recently announced, and F/O. Robert Sweeny, D.F.C.



Viscount Cole, Irish Guards, son of the Earl of Enniskillen, and Mrs. Leslie Wood chose the Mirabell for dinner



Two patrons of the Bagatelle were Capt. the Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh, R.A., and the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken



Major Michael Crichton-Stuart, on leave after being wounded in Italy, took his wife to dine at the Bagatelle

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MOST Interesting Mess into which any citizen has got himself recently seems to be the condition of a gentleman who has just been outlawed by Glasgow High Court for failing to appear for trial.

It seems that this citizen now has no legal rights, and can in theory be "attacked, robbed, or insulted without redress," to quote the legal boys. (Leaving out the words "in theory," he is thus in the same position, a sardonic correspondent points out to us, as any other British subject.) All he lacks, in fact, is the medieval grace of sanctuary, and if we were in his desperate shoes we'd give this idea a tumble, having no knowledge of what odd ancient nooks and crannies Scots Law may hold. The big monastery at Fort Augustus would seem the obvious place to try this experiment. Alternatively we'd take to the heather like Rob Roy and give the Law that rough-house it seems to be asking for. Apart from all else, this move might inspire some stirring modern minstrelsy in the Scott manner. E.g.:

Assembling at the Outlaw's call
The chieftains flocked from tow'r and hall—
Lord Mandrill and Sir Henry Slime,
Impetuous Mr. Weisenheim,
Sir Nero Gowlie with eyes of flame,
Lord Schweinberg, whose illustrious name
Inspires many a minstrel's ditty,
Sir "Laddie" Guttwaltz, of the City,
And other haughty Highland lords
Came spurring in with brandished swords . . .

What the gathering would be for we wouldn't know. To send round the Fiery Cross? A new issue of Bumpo Prefs? It's up to the outlaw, anyway.

Goloshes

NOTING that a Bernadotte was among those present at a recent London reception, we found ourselves meditating once more on the Luck of the Bernadottes, who still occupy the throne Napoleon put them on.

A gift for intrigue and diplomacy was only half the luck of that tall strange goodlooking Gascon, Sergeant-Major Bernadotte, later Marshal, later Charles XIV of Sweden, with his huge nose and flashing teeth. The other half was Désirée Clary, the charming, adoring little Marseilles bourgeoisie he married when young and refused to divorce for a Russian Grand Duchess. How right that Gascon soldier was! They were two brown, vivacious Southern Gauls marooned together in a prim Nordic world full of slow, cleanly, bewildered blue-eyed Swedes. Fortunately the Swedes were not yet telephone-conscious. To-day they have four (4) telephones apiece, unless we err. This would have driven the Gascon crazy, yet we envy him, in a way. Night after night we lie awake wondering



"I've only this ready-mixed cocktail—I don't think it will do you any serious harm"

what in hell Swedes telephone to each other about. Bernadotte—Charles XIV—would have known. Our desperate guess is goloshes. Tell Pastor Björnson Mrs. Falk's goloshes are behind the stove. Hjalmar has given his new goloshes to a tall dreamy girl: The Stockholm gentleman with the natty brown goloshes loves the lady with the double chin. Where are the Sunday goloshes of Grocer Petersen's aunt? Countess, your old right golosh is next my heart till death.

Goloshes in Sweden, batting averages over here . . . There are times when one longs to give up worrying over Nordics and hide one's aching head in a large, soft leather bag.

Clash

THAT recent ban of one month (now lifted) by the Spanish censorship on *Wuthering Heights* may puzzle Brontë fans but doesn't puzzle us, bydam. It was an act of charity meant to relieve the Spaniards from crashing boredom, we guess.

Remarks of this kind always infuriate the intelligentsia, we find. A cold venom glitters in those snaky eyes, the Adam's-apple begins to bobble in those long scrawny necks . . .

"You may not be aware of the fact that *Wuthering Heights* is one of the outstanding classics of English literature."

"Yes, and who called it a classic?"

"Evidently not a yahoo like yourself."

"Come, come, I know more about La Brontë than you do."

"For example?"

"Well, she was a frustrated introvert spinster with anxiety-hysteria (like you), and a failure at polo."

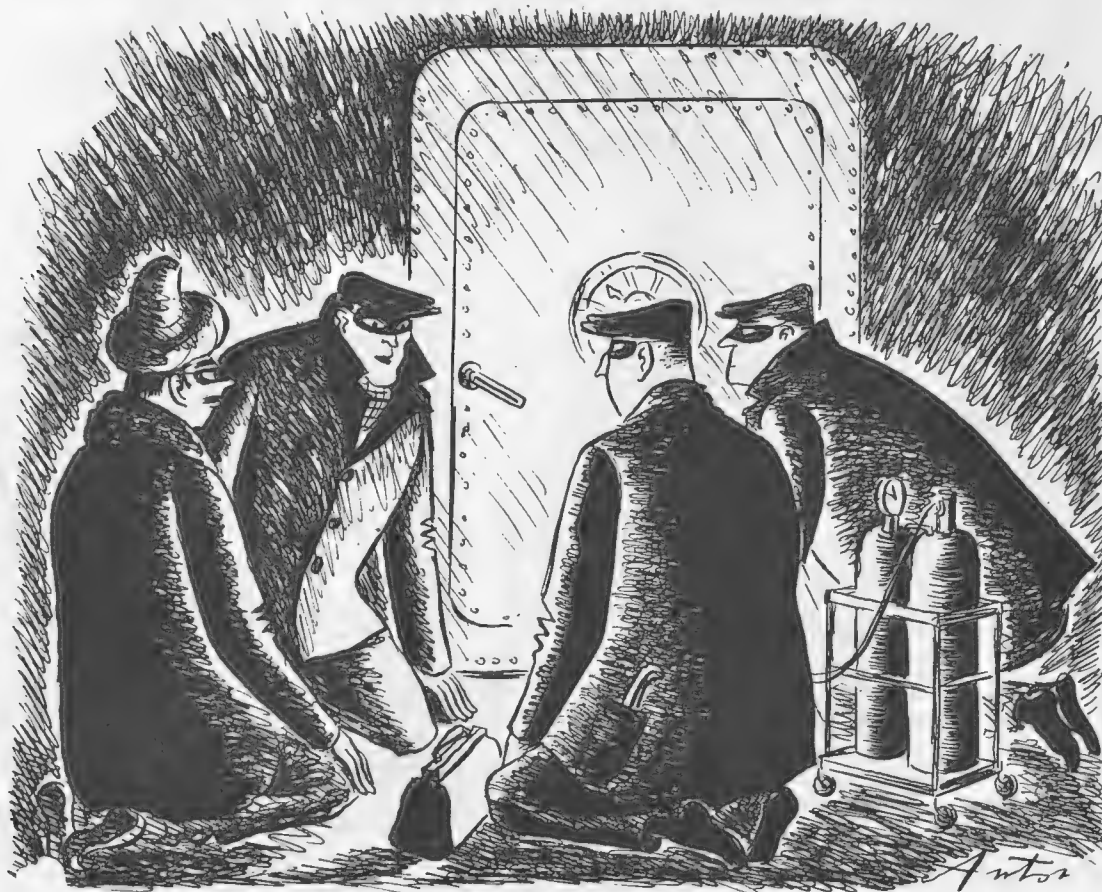
"Polo?"

"Bicycle-polo. Not the Hurlingham game, naturally. She drank too much paraffin for that."

"The Brontës never played polo or drank paraffin!"

"That's all you know."

(Concluded on page 302)



"I propose that Ali here, says 'Open Sesame' three times, and if that doesn't work, Butch can use his oxy-acetylene blow torch"



Eva Turner at the Piano

Lancashire Prima Donna

Eva Turner, World-Famous Operatic
Soprano, at Home in Kensington

Like many others, Eva Turner had her career temporarily interrupted by the war. At the outbreak of hostilities she was performing in Italy, but after fulfilling her engagements at the Bologna Opera in October 1939 she returned to England, and has since been occupied with Red Cross concerts and other war charities. Born in Oldham, she started singing at an early age, and after some years at the Royal Academy of Music she joined the Carl Rosa Opera in 1916, becoming prima donna of the Company. In 1924 Toscanini engaged her for La Scala, Milan, where she sang many famous roles; then followed engagements at all the great German Opera Houses. Famous in European operatic centres, she has also performed in North and South America. She last sang at Covent Garden, with Gigli in *Aida*, in the season preceding the war



Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Yoo-Yoo is the Name of Her Peke

Standing By ...

(Continued)

It's easy after this to get the intelligentsia floundering in a morass of angry bewilderment. They all know the Brontë girls' big brother, Branwell, was a waster, but they don't know about his unpublished memoirs, which you have, just invented. These memoirs, in MS., are locked up in a Yorkshire country-house and the owner shoots at all visitors. "Why?" snap the intelligentsia. "Well, unfortunately," you say, "he drinks paraffin, too." It's fun.

Sport

BIGAMY and cricket being the two most popular national sports of the Island Race, we take a dim view of that old crusty of a judge who wants to check bigamy by having each successive marriage recorded on citizens' birth-certificates.

We haven't seen this possibility discussed in *The Field* or *Sporting Life*. In an illustrated booklet on bigamy we wrote some time ago for the "National British Games" series (Blotto and Burpkin, 7s. 6d.) we just glanced at it, so to speak, in an appendix. The theme of the booklet was to show that bigamy is now a popular and democratic game, having been originally established by Luther, when he allowed the Landgrave Philip of Hesse to have two wives at once, exclusively for the rich. Democracy came into the sport with the Mormons, and although Elder Brigham Young's constant habit of referring in his sermons to the inhabitants of his wedded harem as "heifers" is a bit crude for modern taste, it shows that a new and matier spirit was afoot. When bicycling came in towards the end of the 1880's the Island Race could get about more and have wives all over the country, apart from the benefits of fresh air and change of scenery. Moreover—as we showed in some fine photographs—a citizen pedalling briskly away with a file of wives trotting behind him is a pleasing spectacle in itself, and truly Nordic.

Footnote

THAT spoilsport of a judge would be better employed in suggesting to the Race methods of keeping its wives' numbers within limits conformable to the cost of living. The method of Mr. George Joseph Smith of Camden Town, who used to drown them one by one in the bath to harmonium-music, is not now considered economic by the experts.

Rap

THAT gold-bordered American flag hanging in the lobby of the White House is illegal, according to Mr. Sol Bloom, chairman of Congress's Foreign Affairs Committee. It should be plain and untrimmed, says Mr. Bloom.

Such austerity smacks of

New England and marches with the curious superstition—held also by some of the Island Race—that what is plain and ugly is essentially nobler than what is beautiful and elaborate. You find it flourishing in the industrial hells of the Midlands, where anything not grimy, of bestial design and a torture to the civilised eye is dismissed with virile oaths as un-English and contemptible. In these places any beautiful women who have grown there by mistake are beaten daily, a chap was telling us, by ape-like bandylegged shapes in bicycling caps and bowler hats. Fortunately there are very few beautiful women in that part of England.

Symbol

As to applying this superstition to flags, we doubt if it could be justified by logic or history. The flag is a semi-religious symbol surrounded by ritual and calling for splendour, from Constantine's labarum down to the newest regimental colours. The blue-and-gold grandeur of the old Gaumont-British flag, in which the bodies of tiny rebellious film-actresses are wrapped, is revered even by the aborigines of Shepherd's Bush, who, God knows, are surrounded



"No, Sir Jasper, the only thing I can offer you to-day, and of course it's subject to supplies being available at the time, is a small quantity of seven-years-old malt whisky, delivery 1962"

all their lives by loveliness. We once saw a stout, harassed film-director kneel and kiss the Gaumont-British flag in tears, vowing he would die for it. It isn't the fabric, or even the gorgeous design: it's what this flag stands for. And what it stands for is plenty, as any native film-boy will tell you.

Check

IDENTITY-CARDS have a use after all, it seems. One of the Fleet Street boys has discovered that barmaids can tell instantly from the letter and figures of the Class Code whether youthful citizens are old enough to be served with a glass of nice warm chemical beer.

This would have interested Verlaine, the only major poet in Christendom who has ever put the London barmaid into a sonnet—the one you know already, about the pub near King's Cross he once frequented, where "tall misses paler than ermine draw ale and bitter in shining pewter":

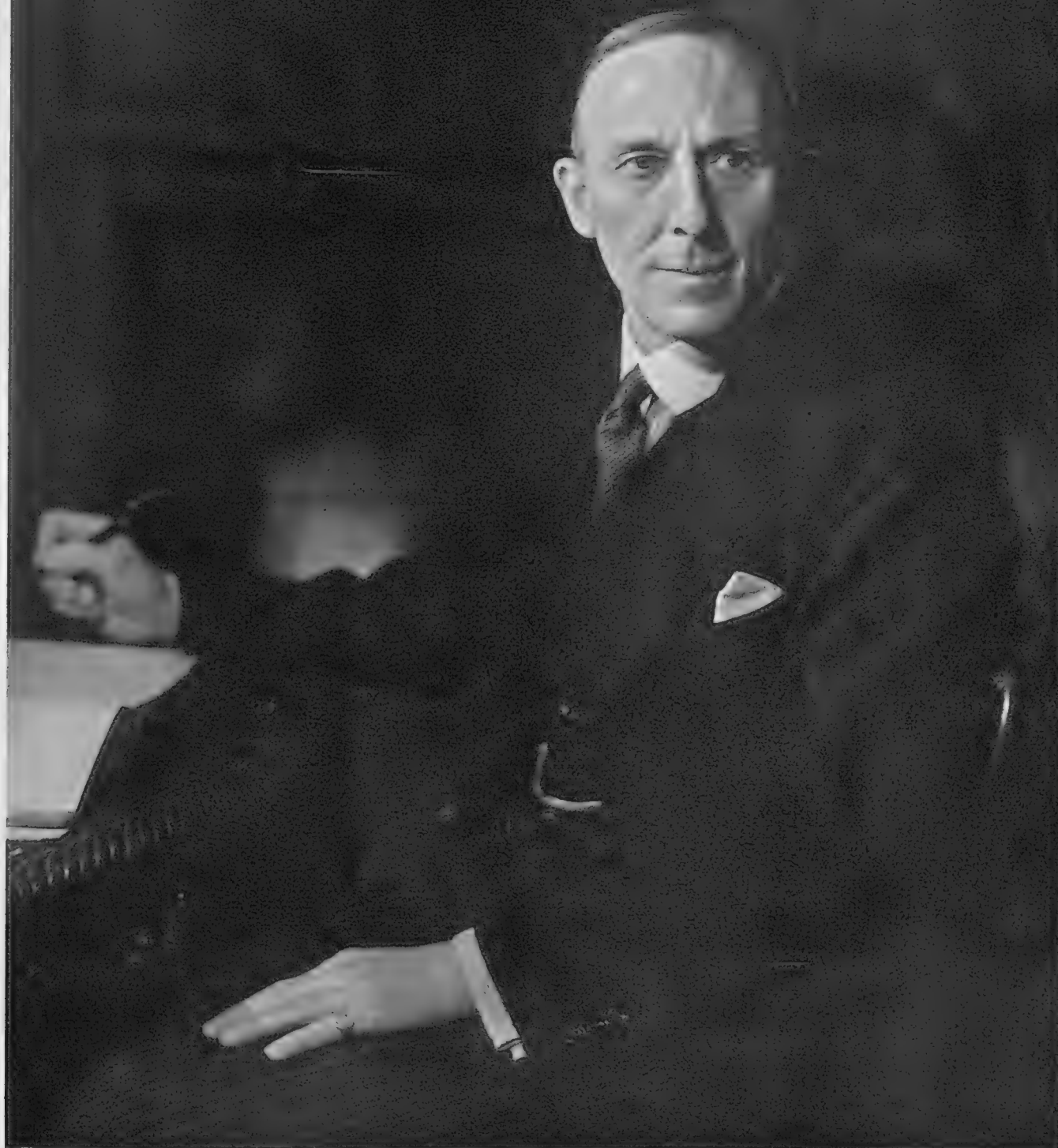
*Ou de longues misses plus blanches
que l'hermine
Font couler l'ale et le bitter dans
l'étain clair . . .*

Girls and beer have changed since the 1890's, as Verlaine would swiftly discover, and this identity-card business would merely be a chilly reminder of his own little trouble with the Paris police after shooting at his difficult friend Arthur Rimbaud. Nevertheless we think the London licensed victualling trade owes Verlaine a monument at King's Cross, and if it occurred to the Trade to sacrifice and bury a very rich, fat, influential brewer underneath it, we don't suppose the average consumer of beer-as-it-is would kill himself in grief and despair.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Oh, Sir!—Stuart Hibberd says he's going to read it, and it isn't his turn!"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Right Hon. Henry Urmston Willink, M.C., K.C., M.P.

The new Minister of Health has reached Ministerial rank within three-and-a-half years of entering Parliament as National Conservative Member for North Croydon. For three years from September 1940, Mr. Willink was Special Commissioner for the Care and Rehousing of the Homeless in the London Civil Defence Region, and when he gave up this post, Mr. Ernest Brown, then Minister of Health, stated: "The Government and I, and indeed every homeless person in the Region, owe you an immeasurable debt of gratitude for the way you pulled the services together in the early days, and ran them with such success right through." The new Minister was a King's Scholar at Eton, and a Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. After serving with the Royal Field Artillery from 1914-19, and winning the Military Cross and Croix de Guerre, he was called to the Bar in 1920 and took silk in 1935. Mr. Willink is married and has four children—two girls and two boys



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"Services Rendered": Pursuers and Pursued in Two Wars

Last War. Major Willis of the Guards (Henry Kendall) visits Charmaine Vavasour, musical-comedy star (Hermione Gingold), in her dressing-room. "I'd go through hell for you, Charmaine," he says. "If you've seen this show twenty-seven times you've been through hell," she replies

This War. Times—and trends—change. The pursuer is Rear-Commodore Beatrice Wilberforce of Combined Ops—the pursued is Alexis Nokemova of the Ballet. "By the way, Alexis, are you White Russian?" asks Gingold. Kendall's reply is "No. White City, reely"

Wittier and Wickeder

"Sweeter and Lower," Second Edition of
"Sweet and Low," Lives Up to Its Title
at the Ambassadors

• Most revues in their second editions are but pale echoes of their former selves. *Sweeter and Lower*, presented by J. W. Pemberton and A. A. Dubens, is the exception. In fact, as intimate revues go this one is probably the sweetest and lowest: 85 per cent. of the material is new, and the spice, provided by an array of satirists, bites acidly into most of the foibles and follies of to-day. Famous actors and actresses still come under the lash, for "Poison Ivy" is, of course, retained. Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall, as the debunkers-in-chief, have never done better. The producer is Charles Hickman; Berkeley Sutton has designed the decor and dresses

Photographs by John Vickers



"It makes such a change from the family hearth
When Colonel Porter's daughters take the waters
at Bath"

Edna Wood and Gretchen Franklin sing
ornamentally of the "Beauties of Bath"

Song and Dance

George Carden and Edna Wood in the lively
dancing number "Mr. Harding." George Carden,
is the youthful arranger of all the dances in the show

"I lost my little glass slipper,
But I learned a thing or two I never knew"
Edna Wood as "Poor Cinderella" brings
old story up-to-date, supported by Richard Curnock
and George Carden as two New York cops



"Say, Duchess, who's the dame?"—"That's not the Dame, that's the Principal Boy"

That's the kind of cross-purpose talk which ensues when the Duchess (*Hermione Gingold*) takes an American soldier (*Bonar Colleano*) to his first pantomime. This episode is called "Lowdown on Whittington," and at the end the G.I. is none the wiser



"We will remember Vienna steaks,
One of Lord Woolton's supreme mistakes"

"Vienna Lingers On" is an amusing burlesque of all the Viennoiserie of yester-year, from Strauss to Ivor Novello. *Hermione Gingold* as *Fritzi*, the toast of the town, with *Bonar Colleano* and *Richard Curnock* as her admirers and *Olive Wright* as the maid



"I feel what it needs is a dash of Sylphides,
Some Tchaikovsky and Margot Fonteyn"
Hermione Gingold in her "Advice to the Players," a burlesque by Alan Melville of Robert Helpmann's *Hamlet*. Note the drum—as used at the New Theatre



"Keep Moving, Boys, Keep Moving"

Serious and sentimental notes are seldom struck in "Sweeter and Lower," but in one monologue, "Port of Call," *Henry Kendall* skilfully pays tribute to the Merchant Navy



Lenore
Lady Headley is a member of the American Ambulance Transport Corps in Great Britain. She is the wife of Lt. Lord Headley, who is serving in the Royal Navy, and her home is in Ireland. She is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. George Dods, of Barr, Ayrshire, and was married in 1936



Yvonne
The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, wife of Capt. Leslie Gamage, M.C., and elder daughter of the late Lord Hirst, is County Superintendent of the St. John Ambulance for Berkshire. In addition, Mrs. Gamage keeps open house for Australian and New Zealand Air Force officers on leave. She will be remembered for her work in connection with the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Street

Women in Uniform



Wallace Heaton

Miss Nancy Mary Moore, 3rd Officer, W.R.N.S., daughter of Observer/Cdr. W. G. Moore, O.B.E., D.S.C., and Mrs. Moore, of Thorntonhall, Lanarkshire, is engaged to Capt. Robin Geoffrey Goodall, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Goodall. She is a granddaughter of the late Sir Frederick and Lady Becker



Janet Jevons

Miss Rita Gray Ropner, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Guy Ropner, of Ashla House, Patrick Brompton, Yorks., and granddaughter of Mr. William Ropner, of Thorp Perrow, Bedale, Yorks., is a section officer in the W.A.A.F. Her father was recently appointed British Representative of the Ministry of War Transport in Canada



Yvonne Gregory

Miss Faith Stubbs, O.B.E., is Chief Officer, W.R.N.S. The daughter of Mr. Stanley Stubbs, Professor of the Royal College of Music and organist of Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore, she is herself a 'cellist. She was recently decorated for her four years' work as W.R.N.S. Clothing Officer

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Lächerlich

THE main object of any propagandist should be to get people to laugh with instead of at him. This is where Herr Doktor Göbbels and his mouthpiece, Herr Wilhelm Fröhlich (the German adaptation of William Joyce) fall down. Even the Sauhund now laugh at both of them. Fröhlich, who claims that he is not now a traitor, since he has become a naturalised Sub-Human, was formerly Propaganda Chief to the British Union of Fascists, whose chief is still with us, but not of us. Fröhlich is of Southern Irish blood, and was born in New York in 1906. He said that "he felt he could not fight for England in

this war," and so he "gave her up for ever" (*vide* his very stupid and badly-written book, *Twilight Over England*), and so he fled and quickly found his congenial job under Herr Göbbels, who has just "devastated" London for the *n*th time by adding one or two noughts to the number of 'planes which the corpulent Göring can spare for propaganda work. Junior workers on Göbbels' staff are Jack Trevor, an English actor, who drinks almost as much as Doktor Ley; Baillie-Stewart, ex-Captain in the Seaforths, who lived at our expense in the Tower for a bit for betraying military secrets; Fred Kaletenbach, an "American" from Iowa; Edward Leopold

Delaney, another American, who is apt to be hysterical; and Constance Drexel, another American. All these voices can be heard by the diligent, and all are lächerlich!

This Jumping Business

It is usually closely associated with either the fox-hunt or steeplechasing, but it is also linked in a general way with the study of equitation, because it is supposed to aid the under-graduate in acquiring that degree of poise and abandon which is the hall-mark of the polished horseman. No mechanical contrivance, such as is sometimes found in gymnasia and the higher class of massage parlours, will be found to be of any assistance whatever for imparting even an elementary knowledge of How to Sit at the Jumps. Rocking-horses are equally ineffective, and motorbuses, though infinitely rougher and more dangerous than even the most



Cavalry Officers

Lt.-Col. B. R. Kaye, D.S.O., and Lt.-Col. P. Rodzianko, C.M.G., seen in this picture, are both members of a famous cavalry regiment, and at present serving with the B.N.A.F.

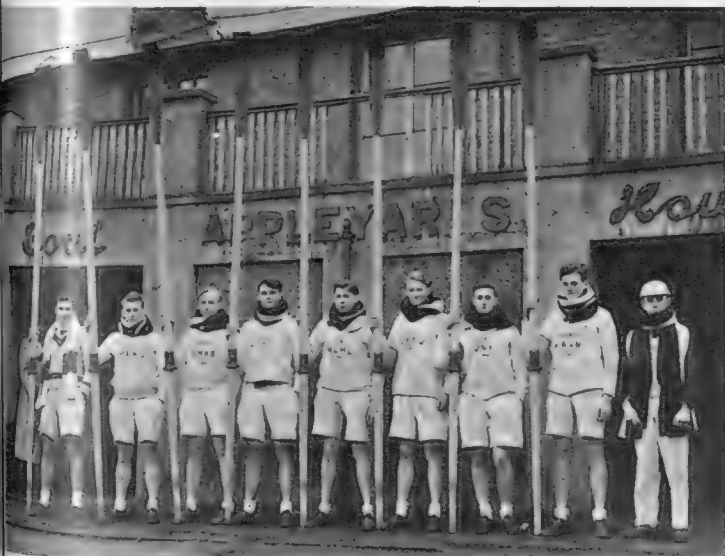
evilily-disposed horse, are equally useless. A fairly good all-round instruction for the aspirant is to go on falling off until it is painfully borne in upon him that it is more comfortable to remain on. Another good suggestion is to imagine that he is a walking-stick balanced in the palm of his hand or (and preferably) a long ostrich plume balanced on the tip of his nose—a quite easy feat really. Next, the student must divest himself of all rigidity. He is, he must remember, seated on a thing not made of tin but of muscles and sinews the same as his own. Until he learns that his own system of muscles must move in unison with those of the animal he rides and not contrariwise, he will never acquire real comfort. To rise to a classical height in riding mastery, he must become "encorpsed and demi-natured with the brave beast"—that is to say, if the back end goes up and the front end goes down, his muscles (and his ostrich plume) must conform. The absolutely vital thing is to turn his waist and his wrists into india-rubber or, preferably, elastic. Just because he is asked to sit on a horse there is no reason to do it any differently to how he would sit in an arm-chair.

(Concluded on page 308)



Oxford Wins the Boat Race

Oxford was victorious for the second time in the third of the wartime boat races, held this year over the Adelaide Course between Ely and Littleport. They beat Cambridge by three-quarters of a length over a distance of a mile and a half



The Oxford and Cambridge Rowing Eights Who Met on February 26th

The Oxford Eight: D. G. Jamison (Radley and Magdalen, bow), M. E. Whitworth-Jones (St. Edward's and Trinity), J. M. H. Brooks (Radley and New College), J. R. L. Carstairs (St. Edward's and Christ Church), M. L. H. Lee (Shrewsbury and Worcester), R. T. Warwick (Bedales and Oriol), G. N. Poynter (St. Edward's and Trinity), S. A. de Hamel (Shrewsbury and New College, stroke), R. Ebsworth Snow (Bradfield and Magdalen, cox)

The Cambridge Eight: I. H. Philipps (Winchester and First and Third Trinity, bow), H. B. Cochran (Radley and Queens'), J. N. Caperen (Sherborne and Trinity Hall), M. D. Whitworth (Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret), J. J. Scott (Radley and Corpus Christi), J. H. Garson (Malvern and Clare), D. A. Ramsay (Latimer and St. Catharine's), T. A. Wotherspoon (Shrewsbury and First and Third Trinity, stroke), G. D. S. MacLellan (Rugby and Pembroke, cox)



D. R. Stuart

Officers and N.C.O.s of a Yorkshire Fighter Squadron

On ground: Sgt. Cole, F/O. Gunn, F/O. House, Sgt. Clarke, Sgt. George. Sitting: F/Lt. A. D. Barry, S/Ldr. Watts, W/Cdr. A. H. Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., W/Cdr. E. H. Thomas, D.S.O., D.F.C., F/Lt. P. W. Stewart. Standing: P/O. Dalton, F/Sgt. Moxon, P/O. Rodger, Sgt. P. W. Shale, F/O. —, F/O. Clegg, F/O. Orton, P/O. Smith, Sgt. Pruting, F/O. Drew, F/O. Rūch, Sgt. A. J. Wright, Sgt. Wilson



Poole, Dublin

Racing Personalities at Leopardstown, Dublin

Lady Lambart was snapped in the paddock at Leopardstown with her son, Lt. Sir Oliver Lambart, R.A.S.C. She is Lord Brabazon's sister

A family party at the races were Lt.-Col. Sir Charles Grattan-Bellew, M.C., and Lady Grattan-Bellew with their eleven-year-old son, Henry

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Chasseur à Cheval

THE alternative in the French Army is chasseur à pied! In our land, in the bygone days when a pastime called fox-hunting was in vogue, the terms were frequently interchangeable. For instance, as no doubt some of the greybeards amongst us will recall, some chasseur who started à cheval became à pied, even before the dogs or hounds had "thrown off"—i.e., cast loose from their moorings—and proceeded to rummage and ferret about in the brake, briar or thicket for their prey. Some horses—in fact, all horses worthy the name—become a bit tête montée at the sight, sound and smell of hounds. Elephants have the same effect on horses, only more so. (Ref.: what Hannibal's Hathi did to the Roman cavalry at Cannæ.) So, during the period before the student gets any real chance of inducing his horse to stop imagining that he is a camel, it is cogently necessary to remember to avoid Anglo-Saxon attitudes (remember Linley Sambourn's pictures of the Hatter and Haigha in *Alice in Wonderland*). The Hatter, as may be recalled, ended up by biting a bit out of his teacup all because, as I feel sure, he would attitudinise.

Valour

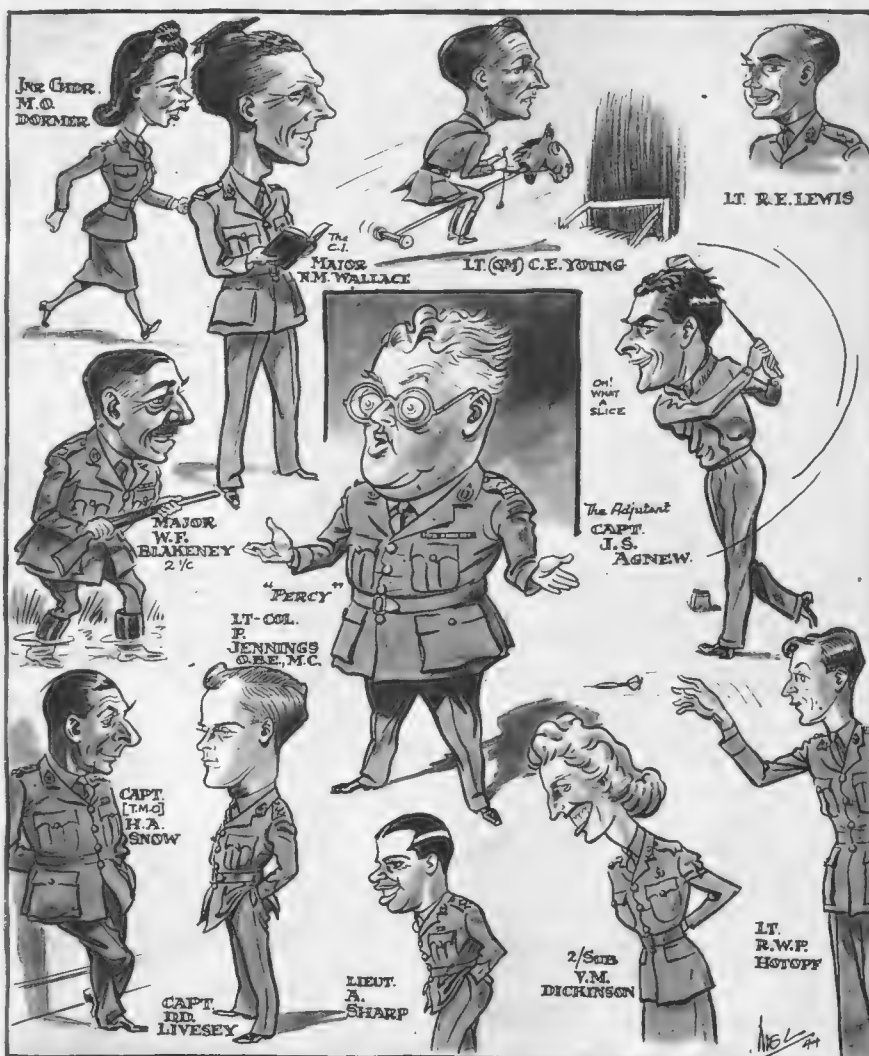
THERE is no recipe, but worm your way to a front seat in the crowd, and when the trumpet sounds "The Charge," or there is the customary torrent of screaming and screeching, proclaiming that the war has started, hop off in front and jump even some rails with barbed wire along the top. Often it makes even a horse suffering homicidal mania come by a complete change of heart. It so takes him out of himself that he becomes a top-twigger.

Other Dangers

TWO, which I can recall, were far more devastating than even 4 ft. 6 ins. of new ash rails or that Braunston Brook just below Shuckburgh on the Pytchley side. It is much wider than a church door and jolly near as deep as a well. Danger No. 1 had Eton blue eyes, champagne-coloured hair and a complexion far better than

any peach sun-ripened on the wall of a Persian garden! Danger No. 2 had Harrow blue eyes as unfathomable as that mystic mere out of which King Arthur gat his Sword Excalibur: blue-black hair and just as good a complexion as No. 1. I believe that No. 2 was held to be the more deadly risk. When anyone was with No. 1, he thought her the most soignée thing on two

legs he had ever seen; when he was with No. 2, a blur went over all other surrounding objects, and he had just about as much chance as an ortolan has with a python. No. 1 was the imperious type which just says "Come hither!" or "Hop it!", and her victims hithered or thithered according to plan; No. 2, on the other hand, was more like Marcus Antonius' "Serpent of Old Nile." She just basilisked them. They said she had picked up the trick in one of those enchanted valleys in Kashmir, somewhere near the Dhâl Lake hard by where the Pale Hands dwell. This lake is covered, more or less, with pink and white lotuses beautiful to behold deadly dangerous if you happen to fall in, for the more you struggle the more will their long roots entwine you. No. 2 was full of magic. The intending horseman, or hunter, I think should be warned of these perils, for it has been found that equitation, particularly in its more dangerous form, holds a strong attraction for both No. 1 and No. 2 and their descendants in tail-female. So watch it! No. 2, it should be mentioned for general guidance, upon one occasion laid waste the whole of Hindustan from Simla to Cape Comorin, the slain including the Viceroy's staff en bloc and the 10th Hussars' polo team, who that year were a snip for the Beresford Cup at Annandale, a bosky dell of the Venusberg of the Himalayas. Later she enchanted the naval C.-in-C. of the East India Squadron, so it can be imagined quite easily how dangerous she was.



An Operators' Training Battalion, Royal Signals, by "Mel"

The Commanding Officer is a well-known personality throughout the Royal Corps of Signals. Among others here is Lt. (Q.M.) C. E. Young, who took part annually in the Royal Tournament from 1928 to 1936, and when C.S.M. Riding Instructor at the old Depot Battalion won many prizes in jumping at Olympia



"Can I come and sit in front?"



"I guess you boys must have had some dandy times playing about with these funny little old pop-guns!"

Matters for Mirth: Four by Fenwick



"You know, I still find myself saying 'down-stairs' and things like that if I'm not jolly careful!"



"Bussing, General? Gee, I thought all big stooges around Whitehall had their own transportation!"

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

What Shall We Do?

"What shall we do if the war comes?" inquired Marguerite Steen of William Nicholson—a question that was being asked, not rhetorically but practically, all over Europe in 1938 by clear-sighted people who had their lives to plan. Sir William's answer was brief. He replied: "Work." For the novelist and the painter, war was to mean an intensification, not a change, of routine. To the outside person, the use of the word "routine" in connection with the artist may seem absurd—this apparently highly fortunate creature may work where it suits him, keep his own hours, or, if his bank balance permits, refrain from working at all: and, to crown all, he is, if he be successful, rewarded and honoured for doing what he enjoys. . . . All this, of course, is deceptive: artists—I mean those who deserve the name—arrange their lives not by whim, but with one stern purpose in view: that of working longest, hardest and best. The routine they make for themselves, and keep to, is more rather than less exacting from being inner and self-imposed. Upon the ordinary citizen war makes extraordinary demands: to the artist, I fancy, no demand seems extraordinary. Work has always come first with him, and has always been hard. War, when it comes, can hardly make him work harder, though it may, and does, make it harder for him to work.

William Nicholson, by Marguerite Steen (Collins; 16s.), has the advantage, as a biography, of being written not only by a close friend but by what one might call a compatriot of the terrain of art. We are given at once the general traits of the artist and the particular traits of the man. Here, there is none of the false romanticism that may come from imperfect knowledge of the subject: Miss Steen's treatment stands out as admirable because of its affectionate matter-of-factness. In a review of a recent book on Sickert, I referred to the Sickert "myth": if Sir William Nicholson leaves a misleading myth behind him it will certainly not be the fault of this book.

I hope, too, that William Nicholson may dispel a good deal of nonsense about "Bohemianism." Independence is one thing, exhibitionistic slovenliness another: it is important to distinguish between the two. In this case, Sir William Nicholson's fastidiousness, his immaculate dandyism—even when in the studio, how few of us would have imagined a painter painting in speckless white duck trousers and duck-egg socks—and dislike of messy behaviour and messy rooms, are brought out; and it is made apparent how his work has gained, rather than lost, by them.

People and Places

Love of houses, love of bibelots, love of cats, and the power to play wholeheartedly when not working (many pleasures

are here, from the making of cork mice to the enjoyment of good company) are shown, both as facets of character and as contributory factors to Sir William Nicholson's art. As Miss Steen says, he is a great social painter: his conversation pieces, his portraits, his interiors, his still-lives are, apart from their plastic qualities, essays on human nature, on tradition, on associative attachment to things and places. His imagination can touch the essential nature, not only of the man or woman who is his sitter but of the objects surrounding him or her—or, in the case of still-lives, of groups of inanimate objects existing all by themselves. "The Hundred Jugs" are almost a mystical company.

Miss Steen's choice of illustration has been most happy. As the reproductions here show, the dramatic element is, in Nicholson pictures, controlled but strong. Most of all, it appears in the woodcuts: his "Queen Victoria" (reproduced here, in miniature, on the fly-leaf) was, for reasons given, a bombshell at first sight; to the eye of to-day it seems nobler, because truer, than more obsequious portraits of the Queen. We see an obese, upright, distinctly lonely old lady, walking a tiny dog in a stretch of park. . . . Work for publishers, work for the theatre (including the original costumes for *Peter Pan*, two ballets for *On With the Dance*, and sets and costumes for *Polly*, at Hammersmith, *The Marquise* and *Matador*) show the range of the Nicholson versatility. And there has been interior decoration, too.

To biography, Miss Steen brings the novelist's powers. She has touched in many characters with a sure and fair hand, and her anecdotes are illuminating and gay. I was delighted,



Lady Iris O'Malley, by "Atri"

Cecil Brown, otherwise "Atri" the sculptor, did this excellent study of the Marquess of Carisbrooke's only daughter. Additional interest is lent to the portrait by the fact that Lady Iris's great-grandfather, the Prince Consort, was chiefly responsible for the establishment of the Prix de Rome in sculpture, won by "Atri" in 1928

for instance, by Mrs. Pryde and her manner of dealing with mice caught in a trap; though her house was plagued with them she seemed to show no resentment, but each time sent her maid by bus with the captive across London, with instructions to release it at Victoria Station. . . . Miss Steen is, she says, a bad sitter for portraits: in words she now proves an excellent portrait painter.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE worst of a purely modern room is that it always seems

bitterly to resent the homely, decorative effect of human untidiness. It may be austere beautiful, off-white, space-saving, bare walls and one picture, but it is never lovable. And a room which is never lovable is merely a room. So long as it is not really lived in, it can look lovely—like a room in an exhibition of modern design—but once domestic debris is scattered here and there the result is as destructive as gravy on a tablecloth. I admire a room like that—the work of a decorative artist—but I should not care to live in it. It always has the air that it never ought to be lived in—simply admired. Like women in new clothes, who are proudly self-conscious, but rarely natural. Or like people going to church, who are so much more human when they are standing in a fish-queue. No; I like a room which looks as if it could be inhabited in any mood; a room which shows the character of the owner when she is herself and not merely exhibiting; a room which tells you in a flash the common occupations of those who use it. I even like a little dust. I have a friendly feeling towards the decorative effect of everyday wear and tear. I prefer a bookshelf filled by a heterogeneous collection of books to one which is filled by complete sets all bound alike. I like newspapers lying about and magazines. I like pictures—all kinds of pictures. And china—lots of china. I prefer any kind of wood to chromium-plate. I don't like framed photographs,

By Richard King

because they always fail at inappropriate moments, and are invariably an

invitation to the most inane remarks. I dislike to sit in a room where, should I unfortunately drop cigarette ash on any article, that article, I feel, would take umbrage and walk out. I like a house to be as friendly as the people I go to see. I have been in houses perfectly beautiful, and yet only that, so I have felt the only human places in them must be the occupied bedrooms. No one can pretend for long to be other than they are in a bedroom.

Briefly, I like people when they are débouonné; never when they are grand. I like a house to look like a home and not merely a background. Thus I am like a thorn in the side of a smart party and am rarely welcomed, and to which, if I can help myself, I rarely go. In a cottage, I like to sit in the kitchen and avoid the parlour; while a drawing-room may be the loveliest, but is usually the most artificial room in the house. The only time I really enjoy one is when I am left alone in it for ten minutes before my hostess descends. That is interesting, as a walk round Harrods is interesting. Nevertheless, when we meet, neither of us is quite ourself until we are in the living-room, where social and intellectual fal-lals are exchanged for a cosy chat. Best clothes, best behaviour, best rooms, often the Best People, can turn the brightest into bores. I prefer a little "dust" on all of them. It invites mental stimulation—the only excuse for social intercourse whatever.

The Old

THE old, these days, are a problem. In our busy, war-taxed, uncomfortable society they are, too sadly often, a distress to themselves, an anxiety to others. The closing of houses, the disappearance of servants, the increasing demands on their sons and daughters and grandchildren drive them from place to place. I have often felt that the fortitude of old people, who see, during wartime, everything changing around them, their security vanishing, has not been praised enough: unless an old person becomes one's personal problem, perhaps one does not realise the general plight of age. Not all that generation, of course, are angels—there are the captious, the fractious, the self-pitying, the hopelessly ostrich-like. And, in the Victorian age and even nearer our time, the reign of the old could be dire; who has not seen some elderly vampire, sucking the life from others? Old people, like women, should not abuse their traditional privileges. But neither ought we to forget that they have their rights. They expect, and are owed, some haven—where to-day is such to be found?

(Concluded on page 312)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Hunter — Grant

The marriage of Officer Cadet Lionel Hunter, Canadian Reconnaissance Regiment, son of Mr. A. C. Hunter, of Montreal, and Mrs. Hunter, of Bermuda, and Miss Guinevere Grant, daughter of the late Sir Hamilton Grant and Margaret Lady Grant, of Hampton Court Palace, took place at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace



Handling — Garrod

Lt. William Douglas Handling, British Columbia Dragoons, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Handling, of Vancouver, and Miss Margaret Joan Garrod, only daughter of Air Marshal Sir Guy Garrod, Deputy A.O.C.-in-C. R.A.F., India, and Lady Garrod, of Hampstead Towers Hotel, N.W., were married at Hampstead Parish Church



Lang — Pugh

The marriage of Mr. William Gordon Lang, Indian Police, and Miss Angela Pugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Pugh, of Voelas, Machynlleth, Wales, took place at St. Michael's, Eglwysfach



Mann — Smith

Capt. William Thomas Mann, R.A., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mann, of Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, married Miss Bettine Caird Smith, daughter of Mr. W. D. Smith, of Cassillis House, Maybole, Ayrshire, and the late Mrs. Smith, at St. Saviour's, Wallon Street



Glancy — Trevor Jones

Major Terence Glancy, 19th Lancers, Indian Army, only son of H.E. Sir Bertrand Glancy, Governor of the Punjab, and Lady Glancy, married Miss Phoebe Aileen Trevor Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Trevor Jones, at the Cathedral Church of Lahore. This wedding group shows: (Front row) Lady Bishop, Mr. R. Trevor Jones, Lady Glancy, Miss Jillian Wace, the bride and bridegroom, Miss Jocelyn Bayley, Mrs. Trevor Jones, Sir Bertrand Glancy and the Bishop of Lahore. (Back row) Mrs. Allen Arthur, Lt. F. Ellvers, Mr. Arthur and Mr. C. L. Corfield



Hambro — Lyon

Major Everard Bingham Hambro, 15/19th The King's Royal Hussars, son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Percy Hambro and Lady Hambro, of 35, Park Mansions, S.W., and Miss Mary Charlotte Lyon, daughter of the late Major C. G. Lyon and Mrs. Lyon, of Whitley Lodge, Whitley Bridge, Yorkshire, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 298)

Seen in London

TAXIS being scarce, the inside of a bus is a likely observation post for recognition. Lady D'Abernon took one from Victoria Station; the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys got on in Grosvenor Place. Lady D'Abernon, who used to act so well when she was our Ambassador in Berlin, has a flat in Morpeth Mansions. From the days when she was Lady Helen Vincent, with her prematurely white hair, she was an acknowledged Edwardian beauty. Mrs. Rhys is busy with her new house in Eaton Square; her husband works at the War Office. Mrs. Robert Harcourt and Mrs. Arthur Fawcus, who seems to get more and more like her attractive mother, the late Mrs. Willie James, were two other passengers.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston was met walking in Piccadilly. She is now moving out of her pretty little house at Hadley Common and going to Bodiam Manor, which her late husband had lent to his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Townshend, who died recently. Others encountered were Lady Hinchinbrooke, at Claridge's (that lovely fluffy fair hair of hers is now smoothly brushed back and alters her considerably); Nina, Duchess of Hamilton, in Green Park, exercising one of her evacuee dogs, of which she has any number down at her home at Firle.

Cocktail Party

LADY ORMONDE gave one of her cocktail parties at her flat high up in Orchard Court, which looks out on to the trees of Portman Square. Lord Ormonde was an attentive host, and their daughter, Lady Moyra Weld-Forester, was there too; her friends were chaffing



Film Premiere Committee Meeting

The first committee meeting in connection with the opening performance of the film "The Song of Bernadette," at the New Gallery on March 27th, was held at the Dorchester Hotel. Proceeds of the premiere will go to the Toc H War Services Fund. In the picture are Major Campbell, Mr. Harley, Mrs. Gordon Moore, Lady Newborough, Mrs. Madge Clark and Mrs. Nicholl

her about her new way of doing her hair, for now it is done high up in Edwardian style, instead of hanging down on her shoulders. She confessed that the new way felt rather cold after the other, which covered up her ears! When the Ormondes took the flat after the late Lord Decies gave it up, Lady Ormonde had the walls decorated in light-blue distemper, the shade finding its inspiration in her set of aquamarines. Sir John and Lady Kennedy were there; they are having to make a second compulsory move shortly, and, of course, haven't the foggiest idea where they can get a flat. Mary Lady Howe came early, looking as lovely as ever, though she hasn't been well. She was hatless, like a few others, such as Lady Midleton and Lady Bruntisfield, who, as usual, was accompanied by her black-and-white greyhound, Boy. Lord and Lady Barnby, Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel, and Mrs. Gilbert Elliot, whose flat is on the same floor, were also there.

In Aid of Toc H

THE Leap Year Tea-Dance at Claridge's in aid of Toc H was a great success, and nobody seemed to mind having to fetch their tea from a buffet and carry it to their small tables in the ball-room. Lady Rosslyn, the chairman, was the only one who had a teapot, and so forth, on her table, and she poured out for all her guests seated around her. They included Lord Clarendon, who is chairman of the revenue committee, the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Lady George Cholmondeley and Mrs. Anthony Acton, who works at the American Red Cross with Lady George. Mrs. Acton looked most attractive, wearing a snood of bright green velvet ribbon. Her little daughter is in the United States with Mrs. Acton's cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Gurdon, and her children. There was a very good cabaret, and many side-shows which were well patronised, so that a satisfactory sum should have been raised.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

Such a haven, with its concomitant ups and downs, has been portrayed in Winifred Peck's *Tranquillity* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.). The Miss Browns, three sisters who are all trained nurses, have undertaken to grapple with this war problem by opening the home that gives the novel its name. At "Tranquillity"—a big, sunny, well-planned house with windows looking into a garden—the Browns and their staff provide the attention, the warmth, the sympathy and the attractive food for elderly, homeless patients that would be lacking elsewhere. But on earth, alas, there are only imperfect Edens: the aged patients are so many problem children; the nurses feel random longings for a more interesting sphere, and the youngest Miss Brown, handsome Paula, is racked by a love that the doctor does not requite. Matron, the eldest sister, takes stock of the scene, day by day, with a steady but candid eye.

The humours and tragedies of this little world have been rendered by Lady Peck with that quiet art that makes her novels so good. She gives us a play of contrasts by moving from room to room, introducing us to indomitable Mrs. Arroll, to squashy and querulous Lady Nable, to crazed, brilliant Professor Alured, to the Archdeacon, to the touchingly pompous Colonel Whitetails, to a disreputable and batty old socialite, to Sister Gertrude, extended in pain and ecstasy, to Miss Bind, a former hospital sister blinded and paralysed by a London blitz, to Miss Lyon, that restless veteran of the Woman's Movement. And even at Tranquillity youth knocks at the door; in the persons of a rebellious young man discharged from the Army after Dunkirk, and beautiful, scatter-brained Mrs. Orchon, who has arrived here to have her first baby, for lack of any other possible place. Most of the R.A.F. (or so feel the distracted nurses) are present, with song and bottle, in Eve Orchon's bedroom, pending the happy landing of young "Typ."

The nursing-home's position, at the rural edge of a London suburb, had not at first sight appeared dangerous to the Miss Browns: in fact, the place, with all its promise of peace, lay directly in the route of the German raiders. The novel covers, in time, just less than twenty-four hours, in the course of which an exciting, by the end not wholly tragic, climax is reached. . . . *Tranquillity* has an imaginative beauty, unmarred by obvious pathos or facile sentiment: I recommend it to all not afraid of knowing what other, especially older, people feel.

Trapped

I ENJOYED, from the first page to the last, Bridget Chetwynd's novel *High Mountains* (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). Fate, through love, is to set a trap for nice, frail, honest little Fay Trent, who, with misgivings that are to prove justified, arrives to visit a school-friend, Priscilla Evans, in Wales. Priscilla wears her hair long and loose, is black-browed, and aspires (not, one feels, unsuccessfully) to be a witch. She and her twin brother Wynn are, jointly, hereditary lords of this mountain-darkened valley, some way up which a treacherous tide creeps: in farming their land, the young Evanses have the help of taciturn, passionate Emlyn Jones. The Evans's big house, pressed to one of the slopes, is dank and tree-darkened: steepness forbids a garden. The home is dominated by Mrs. Evans, a decaying and neurotic Edwardian beauty, who has taken to bed to avoid growing old on her feet, and contrives, from bed, to make everyone's lives hell.

This milieu, from the first, is daunting to Fay—herself the product of a most reassuring suburban home. The invitation to stay, as it turns out, had only been sent by Priscilla under maternal pressure: Mrs. Evans, a snob to the bone, unaware that the Trents are suburban, is attempting to put Priscilla in touch with the beau-monde. Wynn, of course, falls in love with his sister's ignored guest—and an unhelpful marriage is the result. The situation, with its social comedy and sinister undercurrents, is brilliantly worked out by Miss Chetwynd, who, for all her accomplished lightness of style, knows well how and where to strike deeper notes. Here, as in all her novels, the dialogue is first-rate. The contrast in atmospheres between the Trent and the Evans worlds, the naïveté of the one, the ruthlessness of the other, is effective. The unfriendly Welsh mountains, the senile neighbours, the distracted, determined cheerfulness of the governess Rickie, all serve to throw the young trio into relief. Priscilla Evans and her outrageous mother are, as characters, unforgettable. You should also enjoy, if a shade grimly, the tête-à-tête between Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Trent. I foresee that English young ladies, after reading *High Mountains*, will think twice before marrying into Welsh families.

Benefactors

THOSE to whom dance-bands, jazz and swing are anathema will prefer to give a wide berth to *Kings of Rhythm* (Dunlop Publications; 2s. 6d.), a Review of Dance-Music and British Dance-Band personalities, in which Peter Noble gives the life stories (up-to-date) of Geraldo, Eric Winstone, Joe Loss, Harry Parry and Johnnie Claes, with notes on their pioneer work in the rhythm world. To others (among whom I am numbered) I recommend it. The book is brightened with pictures of bands in action, and of attractive crooners.

Awful Week-end

"THE BLACK LADY" (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.) is yet another Conyng Little story, which, for me, is sufficient recommendation. What made Marina, that pert blonde, accept the two rather dim Packett girls' invitation to week-end at their country home, I was not clear. Plain-spoken uncles and aunts, an idiot young man's vagaries and two murders proved, however, sufficient to pass the time.

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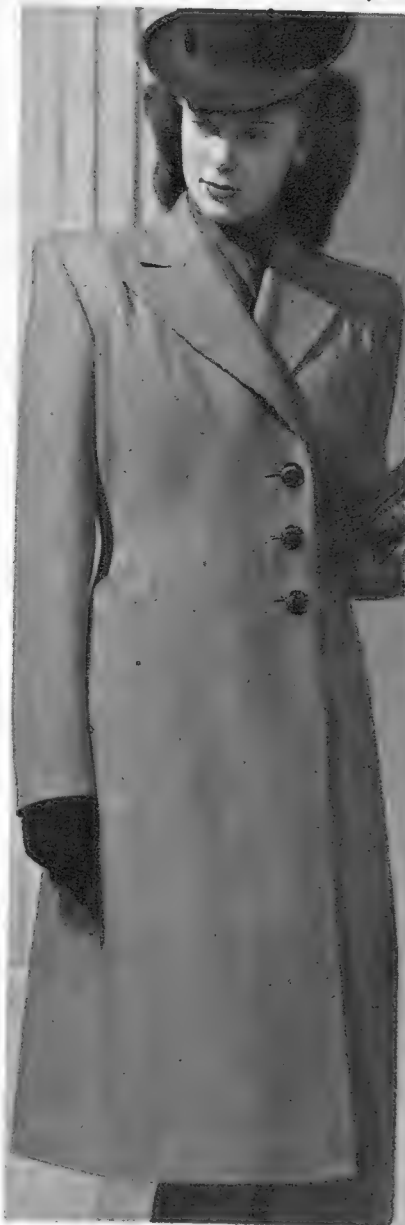
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THE salesman stopped his car at a farmhouse and asked the way to the nearest hotel. The farmer pointed down the road.

"You turn left at the schoolhouse," he advised. "Then you go straight ahead till you get to Gad Shor's house. There you take the left fork in the road and keep ridin' for five miles."

The salesman nodded.

"That's clear enough," he said. "And where does that bring me?"

The farmer smiled.

"Wal," he announced, "that takes you right back to where we're standing now. Right here."

The salesman's eyes popped.

"Right here!" he echoed. "But I don't understand. Why should I come back here?"

The farmer shifted his plug of tobacco.

"To git the rest of the directions," he explained. "If I told you them all at once, you might git confused!"

A WOMAN on board ship saw a man sitting in a deck chair. Approaching him, she said in a cheery tone of voice, "You are just the man we are looking for; all the married people are going to play bridge."

The man looked up at her and meekly replied: "You're mistaken, madam, I'm not married; I'm seasick."

A COUNTRY doctor on his rounds narrowly escaped running over a Home Guard writhing in apparent agony in the middle of the road. Stopping his car he got out, bent over the man, and asked: "What's the matter? Where's the pain?"

"There isn't any pain," the man replied. "This road is supposed to be a deep river, and I can only swim on my back."

A MAN who had been a chemist's assistant in peace time received a citation for bravery which read that he volunteered to rescue and did rescue a wounded marine officer during the Solomons campaign, in the face of "heavy Jap machine-gun fire and with complete disregard for his own safety."

When questioned about this, the man replied: "I don't think I really volunteered, though I may have coughed a little."

A N Army officer, noted for his imperturbability, was in the back of a motor-car which fell over a low cliff.

Miraculously, nobody was hurt, but as the car came to rest in the water a dispassionate voice was heard from the rear seat: "How frightfully Gadarene."

"I HAVE known you so long, doctor," said the patient at the end of a visit by the doctor, "that I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But what I will do is to arrange a handsome legacy for you in my will."

"That's very kind, indeed, of you, Mr. Smith," said the doctor. "Er—just allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration which I would like to make in it!"



Dulcie Gray

In private life Dulcie Gray is the wife of actor Michael Denison, now in the Army. She recently signed a long-term contract with Gainsborough Pictures, and has been cast in "Madonna of the Seven Moods," to be produced at Shepherd's Bush. Coming from Malaya in 1936, Dulcie Gray spent some years in repertory before appearing in London in "Brighton Rock" and "Landslide." Her first film role was in "2,000 Women"

THE stranger found customers in the parlour discussing the "Well," said a quiet bald-headed man, "boxed some of the best in, these parts, from h weights to bantams, and one of them ever fo again after I'd done him."

"Great heavens," g the stranger to the beside him. "He do look like a fighting man."

"He isn't," grinned other. "He's the local taker."

A WOMAN who had bitten by a dog advised by her physician write her last wishes, a might soon succumb to h phobia. She spent so with pencil and paper the doctor finally a whether it wasn't gettin be a pretty lengthy will.

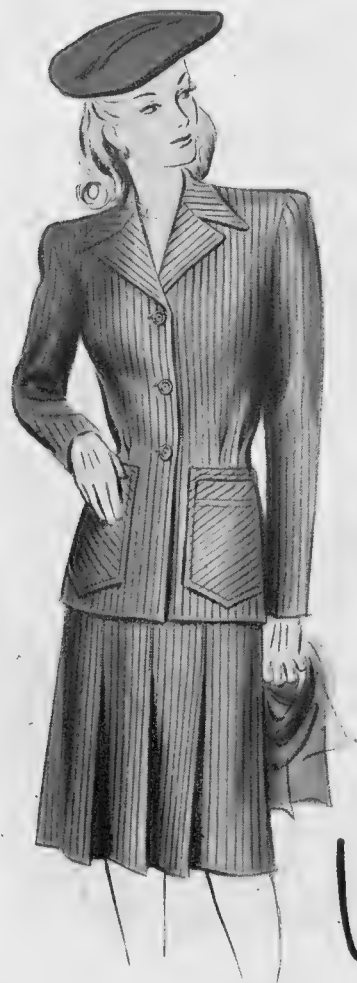
"Well!" she sno "Nothing of the kind. writing a list of the pe I'm going to bite."

THE lecturer was unusu verbose, and it seeme if he would never stop. listeners grew more and

restive, until at last one of them could stand it no lon Seizing a moment when the speaker paused for a of water, he asked: "Do you believe in early closing

"Why, yes," replied the lecturer, somewhat puzz at this irrelevant question, but flattered that some was sufficiently interested to ask it.

"Then shut up!" said the interrupter tersely.



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Enforced Air-Mindedness

THE German bomber does one thing it does not mean to do (and I am not referring to the scattering of incendiaries over the good earth), and that is it stimulates interest in aviation.

There is an avidity for aeronautical information immediately after an enemy raid, which must be largely attributable to the acute air-consciousness which is the normal reaction to the evidence that raiders are overhead.

It seems to me that some good comes out of this evil. I doubt if the fact that an aircraft seems to the man in the street a mainly hostile instrument will permanently set him against it or produce prejudice against air travel.

At any rate the demand for information should be amply supplied. When the Germans raid Britain there is no better means of diminishing the unpleasantness of the raids and, at the same time, of adding to the sum total of the nation's air-consciousness, than by giving out the facts.

Rockets and Strips

IT was good to see some genuine information being distributed recently, for instance, about rockets used for anti-aircraft work and about the "radio dislocators" dropped by the Germans.

Rocket anti-aircraft guns had been employed for many months, and so had the metallized strips in use by British bomber formations. But they had been regarded as a military secret (and here there was probably sufficient cause for reticence). The consequence was that it was impossible to give credit for the work done on them.

A Swedish newspaper did come out long ago with a story that British bombers were using strips of metallized paper, but it went on to say that they were for breaking up the light beams of searchlights and so spoiling everything.

As for the anti-aircraft rockets, I received what I regard as the most abusive letter in a large, life-long collection of abusive letters, because I had not men-



Night Intruders

Between them these two night fighter pilots have completed 270 sorties. Flight Lieutenant Alan Wagner, D.F.C., of Croydon, has destroyed eight enemy aircraft, and Squadron Leader R. A. Mitchell, D.F.C., of Rochampton, has brought down five. Undeterred by the weather, flying fast, well-armed Mosquitoes, night intruders rarely operate over 3,000 feet

tioned the work our people had been doing on these weapons.

I was told that "everybody" knew about them except me, and that I was behaving in a thoroughly dirty manner by not giving credit to our anti-aircraft defences where credit was due.

My first inclination was to re-address the letter to the chief censor and send it on without comment. But later I felt that part of my war work was really suffering abuse in silence on such matters.

Twirling Test Pilot

WING COMMANDER R. A. C. BRIE has done more than anybody to keep rotating wing flight in the forefront. He retained his faith in it when others had given it up. He did an enormous amount of test work with Autogiros.

More recently he has been flying the Sikorsky helicopters in the United States, and he has returned from this experience, I hear, as enthusiastic as ever for rotating wing flight.

In fact he has expressed the view that until a pilot has hovered—which only the true helicopter can do

in still air—he has never experienced the finest sensation of flying.

Control of the helicopters is not quite so simple some people suppose, and to hover in the manner much publicized in the pictures is, in fact, an operation which requires a good deal of skill—more skill than normal transitional flight. But these are undoubtedly temporary things, and eventually hovering will be easy as the rest.

Flies on the Ceiling

AN amusing observation comes from the source of so many amusing observations, the United States of America. It was made by somebody who was flying in the stratosphere at 38,000 ft. At that height a man crawled out from under a seat (it was not wearing an oxygen mask), took off, and flew round.

Anoxia, it may therefore be presumed (and always supposing that is the right word), does not attack flies so vigorously as human beings. I am now waiting confidently for the inventor's letter which will tell me that the government has refused to take any notice of his new device for using high-altitude bombers flown by corps of trained flies.

The advantages in weight saving would be enormous because not only would the crew weight be lowered but in addition there would be no need for oxygen apparatus.

Individual to Many

AT various stages in the history of air fighting it appears that the great individual air fighter is doomed, and that the future lies with the many— with the large formations acting as formations.

But the individual obstinately persists. He keeps cropping up. In this war the great fighter pilots have not stood out from the others quite so clearly as in the war of 1914-18 but they have still been able to make their mark.

But now air battles are being fought between much larger numbers of aircraft than ever before. The side that learns to make the best use of numbers (which inevitably entails the suppression of the individual) must have the advantage.

I feel that individuals will always come out; but that their chances of coming out in aerial war are being reduced as the numbers of machines engaged increase.



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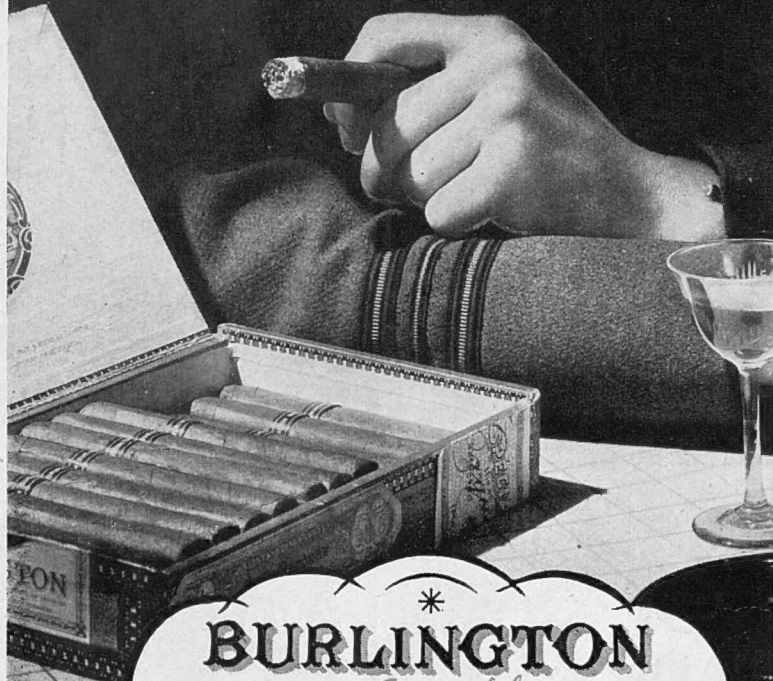
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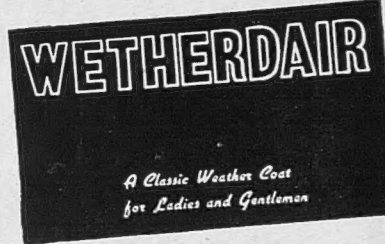
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